

Take Shelter by Oop

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-08-29

Updated: 2018-08-29

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:33:34

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 11,455

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“Fuck,” Billy moans, reaching a hand back to grip a straining thigh. “You’re huge.” Steve realizes Billy means Linebacker, but not in general. Steve’s focus—he wants to pretend it’s reluctant but that’s a lie—darts to where Linebacker thrusts into Billy all leisurely, like he enjoys nothing more than bending Billy Hargrove over and holding him down and thrusting into him with, yeah, a pretty large cock. And, okay, even before now Steve could objectively have seen the appeal of it: getting that snarky, wicked mouth to produce moans, grinding that demon’s smile down to lax lips and then holding it hostage against the couch cushion. Yeah, he gets how that would be satisfying. But now, here, seeing it, Steve thinks, if he could have Billy in his hands like that, have Billy like that, he’d take his time with it, too. The thought shocks him stupid, but does nothing for the hungry swoop of his stomach, the way he suddenly wants.

Take Shelter

Author's Note:

- For [hopphorn](#).
- Inspired by [watch me \(try me\)](#) by [hopphorn](#).

Hi, hello. Yes, I'm alive.

I wrote this pretty much exclusively to "Take Shelter" by Years and Years. It is such a Harringrove song to me. Give it a listen, tell me what you think.

Also, this was supposed to be a pwp, and I think it still technically counts as one? But, like, /feelings/ man.

If there's one thing Steve understands, it's being in an actual fucking hurry. He gets it, knows the hot surge of immediacy, relates to the pulsing rush of impatience. Yeah, he's got it.

What he doesn't understand is why the fuck Billy Hargrove wouldn't take just *two seconds* to put a sock on the door to their apartment. Or something. That's their signal; they know it reads as a screaming loud, "Nothing you wanna see in here!!" Steve really needed that sock. Or an actual scream, maybe. Just some sign that he should not have opened the door. Should not have stepped inside. Should not have closed the door behind him with a decisive *click*.

He swears it happens in slow motion. One second, he's dropping his school bag and half-shrugging out of his jacket, the next he's turning, a casual "Hey" aborted on his lips. Not that it would matter if he'd said it aloud because someone lets out an *unholy* groan. Steve's brain takes a shameful amount of time to process the feed from his eyes. Probably because, at first, he doesn't register either of the people going at it on his couch as his roommate. His synapses have to fight through too much sticky disbelief, slowing the entire world to the pace of absolute torture, to reasonably make sense of it.

Billy... He's... Well, Christ, he's getting fucked like Steve's never seen

before. There's no other way to put it.

"Fuck!" Billy moans, and Steve thinks, *Yeah, that about sums it up*. Whoever the other guy is, he's huge as hell. Probably one of Billy's basketball teammates, or some linebacker from the football team. The hand he has splayed on Billy's hip looks like it could burst the jutting bone in its grip. Although if that were true, by the dents where his fingers clutch tight, holding Billy up, Billy would already be broken.

The guy's other hand tangles in Billy's hair, pushing his head and chest down against the couch, practically shoving him into the crack of the armrest, and no wonder Steve hadn't recognized Billy immediately. Living with him, and taking into account Billy's lack of self-consciousness, Steve's seen Billy naked a lot (could probably pick him out of a lineup by his chest alone, because it's honestly unbelievable how *much* Billy does not know how to button a shirt). But the most immediate feature Billy has is easily his hair, or arguably that quick, sharp flash of canines he tosses out easy as you please. Right now, Steve can barely see either, Billy's blond curls buried under that giant's paw and his face... Fuck, whose face is that? Shattered, mouth open on heavy pants and moans, eyes shut and brows furrowed in some combination of ecstasy and agony. It could be Billy, just unlike Steve's ever seen him before. Sure, fine. But then who's responsible for those deep moans and hitched gasps? Is Steve supposed to believe that *those* belong to Billy, too?

Steve takes a shocked, perfunctory moment to examine Linebacker, only to find his brown hair, clinging to his face with sweat, and plain features unremarkable. His physique, it would seem, pulls the real appeal. The guy is *cut*, built like a character in one of Dustin's comic books: wide chest atop stacks and stacks of abs that taper down to the corded "v" of his hips. For longer than they should, Steve's eyes latch onto those hips, tracking the way they slide back and then jolt forward, forcing impossible sounds from Billy's open mouth.

And then, abruptly, time snaps back to its normal pace, the end of a too-long slow motion shot. Reality reasserts itself with the same kind of mental reverb as an overinflated balloon popping in his face. Suddenly, Steve finds himself looking directly into Billy's horrified eyes. *Shit*, Steve thinks. "Shit," Billy says, but only scrabbles at the armrest when Linebacker rolls his hips again, clutching and gasping.

“*Shit*,” he repeats, but breathless, *good*. “Don’t stop.”

Steve, at any point in the past ten seconds, should have looked away, should have *run* away, but his eyes can only rove over everything they should actively avoid. In particular, his attention catches at Billy’s lips, swollen, red like that cherry wine Steve’s mom orders from Michigan for Christmas parties.

“*Fuck*,” Billy gasps, reaching a hand back to grip a straining thigh. “You’re huge.” Steve realizes Billy means Linebacker, but not in general. Steve’s focus—he wants to pretend it’s reluctant but that’s a *lie*—darts to where Linebacker thrusts into Billy all leisurely, like he enjoys nothing more than bending Billy Hargrove over and holding him down and thrusting into him with, yeah, a pretty large cock. And, okay, even before now Steve could objectively have seen the appeal of it: getting that snarky, wicked mouth to produce moans, grinding that demon’s smile down to lax lips and then holding it hostage against the couch cushion. Yeah, he gets how that would be satisfying. But now, here, seeing it, Steve thinks, if he could have Billy in his hands like that, *have Billy like that*, he’d take his time with it, too. The thought shocks him stupid, but does nothing for the hungry swoop of his stomach, the way he suddenly *wants*.

He needs to go. Right now. A minute ago. He grabs his book bag from the floor again, turns, reaches for the doorknob. Before he goes, he can’t resist throwing one last glance over his shoulder. “Mine’s bigger,” he says, not knowing why: why it matters, why he feels compelled to say it in the first place, why he bothers lingering for one more goddamned second.

As he steps out the door, Billy’s laughter, deep pulls from his belly like Steve’s never heard before, chases Steve and he thinks it sounds almost as good as Billy’s moans.

Almost.

“Harrington,” Billy says, pouring himself a cup of coffee. Steve, seated at the small, round table in the middle of the kitchen, already has a steaming mug in front of him. Despite Steve having slunk back in sometime after Billy had disappeared into his room last night, no trace of Linebacker, Billy had woken up later. Now, he sits *gingerly* across from Steve at the table, wearing a truly shocking amount of clothes: sweatpants and a t-shirt, both loose but somehow indecently clingy.

“Sore?” Steve asks, able to bite back a snort of amusement but not the quirk of his lips. He pushes his plate of toast toward Billy. Sometimes they do this. Share, or whatever.

Billy smile-grimaces, like he wants to find it funny but won’t let himself. “We need to talk, Harrington. What you saw--”

“It doesn’t matter,” Steve says. Because, as far as he’s concerned, it doesn’t.

A smack on the tabletop makes him jolt. “Yes, it fucking *does*. That...” Billy takes a deep breath, looks away, blows it out, looks back. “That kind of thing can ruin people’s lives. Get people killed. You know that, right, Harrington?”

Steve blinks, stunned. “I’m not going to tell anybody, dude.”

“You’d better fucking not,” Billy says, “for your own sake.” And wow. Steve had thought they were past the stage of threats and bared teeth, yet here they are. They both know Billy isn’t going to hurt him. Sure, they’d fought that one time a few weeks after moving in together, and Billy had beat the shit out of him then (although Steve *had* thrown the first punch). Since then, though, Billy’s apologized and... mellowed. However, looking at the steel of his eyes now, maybe Billy *would* fight him again, for this. And, honestly, Steve thinks that if he did what Billy’s afraid he might, he would deserve to have his face caved in again.

Steve sighs, then takes several moments to realize Billy wants some kind of response.

“I won’t,” Steve says. Then, to even the ground, to maybe help Billy

lower his shoulders where they've come up defensively, he offers: "I'm bi, too."

Billy scoffs and rolls his eyes, but his shoulders do slowly relax to their usual slope. Finally, he reaches for a piece of toast. "I figured," he says.

Wait, what? "How's that?"

"You stuck around long enough last night. Like what you saw?" Now his mouth has that familiar twist, sharp and entertained. Billy always has that air to him, like everything that chappens around him is some kind of private joke, but not usually with Steve. Not anymore. After living with each other this long, Steve has started to see all the soft pieces of Billy under that cutting exterior: the way he curls up so small when he sleeps, the way he smiles to himself when he starts understanding his assignments after hours of wrecking his hair in frustration, the way he'll toss a blanket over Steve when he falls asleep on their couch (which Steve will *not* be doing anymore, now that he knows what happens on that couch), or the way he'll decide the kitchen suddenly needs deep-cleaned when Steve can't sleep to give them both something to do. Then, when Steve still can't sleep, he'll order them on to the next room, then the next, until the entire apartment gleams and smells like bleach and the sun is coming up and Steve is too exhausted to do anything *but* sleep.

Sometimes, though, Billy is a raw nerve ending, like he was when they first moved in together, and he pushes everything away because anything too close is a threat. Steve doesn't know how he knows that, except that he gets it, intrinsically, in a way that he can't put into words. There are plenty of nights that Steve feels exposed, feels already too open in a world that will cut and cut and cut given the opportunity.

Sometimes, Steve likes to push back anyway.

"What if I did?" It's a challenge, unmistakable, and he swallows hard at his own words but doesn't shy away from the fierce blue of Billy's eyes when they snap up. His expression shifts a few times. Shock. Confusion. Anger. Then, full circle, some kind of humor, mouth tilted into a smile.

Billy licks his lips, leaning further over the tabletop. “Is it true?”

“Is what true?”

“Yours is bigger?”

Heat blooms in Steve’s chest, licks at his neck. He’s going to start blushing like mad in about thirty seconds. It’s not embarrassment, exactly. It’s something slippery and wet and warm, warm, warm rolling around in his stomach. Steve quirks a brow, drops his voice. “Been thinking about it?”

“What if I have?” Billy’s grin doesn’t show any teeth at all, but Steve can sense them pressing against Billy’s lips. He knows that they want to bite. He’s trying to decide if he’ll let them. If he’ll like it.

Before he really makes up his mind, his hand gestures down to his own crotch and his mouth says, “You’re welcome to test it out. Write up a comparative analysis or some shit.”

There’s a long stretch of silence as Billy takes a bite of toast. The fact that he can look so utterly unmoved, so unperturbed, makes Steve sweat. What the fuck is he *doing*? Trying to get his roommate into bed. No, worse. Trying to get *Billy goddamned Hargrove* into bed.

A few seconds later, Billy says, “You asking me to ride your cock, Harrington?”

Still a little stunned but not willing to lose face (God, how *immature* ; Billy is capable of bringing out the *worst* in Steve, and it *is* the worst even when it feels *good*, lets him become just like any other stupid fucking teenager again), Steve tilts his chin up. “Did I stutter, Hargrove?”

“Just making sure,” Billy says, “that you really wanna get ruined like that.”

“Ruined?” It sounds a little dramatic to Steve. He’s had plenty of sex with plenty of people and so far he still likes it just as much as he always has. Then, because he can’t not run his mouth apparently, he adds, “It didn’t look like you were the one doing the ruining last night.”

Billy snorts, rolling his head to look out the window over their sink. Outside, the sun has long risen, the sound of traffic muted but noticeable. They'd both slept late. When he flicks his gaze back to Steve, it's from the corner of his eyes. "That... I don't always like it like that, but sometimes... sometimes I need it." It costs Billy something to say it, so Steve tries to rein in the volcano that's opened in his gut, spilling hot magma. Poorly timed, weird, *hot* magma. Because he's pretty sure Billy doesn't mean, "I need some dude who could break me in half to shove my face into the sofa and fuck me like the asshole I am because I deserve it," but rather something like, "Sometimes I feel broken inside and the only thing that dulls the shards is feeling like I'm going to break on the outside, too." Steve doesn't know when he became fluent in *Billy*, doesn't know how he could possibly know that, but he thinks he gets it, and he thinks he's... not wrong. At least, not entirely. He knows enough not to joke about it, in any case.

In this pause, Billy lights a cigarette from the crumpled pack he perpetually leaves laying on the table. Then he leans back in his seat, blowing smoke from his mouth. "My old man," he says, and Steve can immediately tell by the wild glint in his eyes that Billy has lost his own thread, that he doesn't know where he's going with this, didn't mean to say it out loud. But Steve waits. Babysitting five teenagers has granted him nothing at all if not *patience*, loads and loads more patience than he ever thought he'd need for anything. It's also taught him that, if you want someone to keep talking, the easiest way is to just keep your own mouth shut long enough.

Billy clears his throat, then shrugs like what he's about to say is the most casual thing they could possibly discuss. It's so obvious, the bravado, that Steve's chest gives a preemptive pang. "Old man used to beat me. Called me a faggot. Called me a lot of things, but that one stung the most." He flicks the ash from his cigarette into the tray they keep right beside Billy's cigarettes, but Steve's eyes are riveted on his face, the way his mouth shakes just the slightest when he lifts his cigarette to it. The cherry glows bright red, says what Billy doesn't: "They all stung, but that one was *true*." Other than that, though, they could be talking about the fucking weather. Billy's next words mix with smoke. He says, "It's when I go too far down that rabbit hole." He doesn't say the rest, won't complete the circle, but his eyes find

Steve's, steady and piercing. "Understand?" he asks, his tone clearly conveying that, whether Steve does or not, Billy isn't going to connect the dots for him.

"He was wrong," Steve says instead.

Billy huffs an amused sound. "No, he wasn't." At the look on Steve's face, Billy amends, "Sure, he was wrong to hit me. But he wasn't wrong about a lot of things."

Steve wonders how deep that rabbit hole goes, how twisted it gets. If there's any end to it or any climbing back out of it. If it's layered with squelching vines and smells like rotting flesh... Steve cuts off that train of thought, staring at Billy. "He was wrong," he repeats. Firmly.

"Nice of you to say so, Princess, but you didn't know me back then. I—" Billy pushes a hand through his hair, which is still tangled from sleep but looks fantastic anyway (unfair), and sighs. "I did a lot of fucked up shit. But I'm trying to be better now. I'm trying to... to prove him wrong."

Steve hates how, with this one piece of knowledge, this tiny fraction of background, everything he knows about Billy, from every tiny idiosyncrasy up to every facet of his seemingly indecipherable personality, suddenly shifts and clicks into place: why Billy sleeps in such a tight ball; why Billy doesn't just sleep when Steve stays up pacing, making noise outside Billy's room; why he fights so fiercely and leans into violence like it's an old friend even though the line of his shoulders always screams *guilt* the next day; why sometimes he spins his obvious anger into burning amusement. It all makes so much goddamned *sense* that Steve wants to scream.

Billy stays quiet for a while, and Steve realizes, for the second time that day, that he's left Billy hanging for a response, but he doesn't really know the right thing to say. He never does, with Billy. Most people, it's easy. All the rest of Steve's life is one big fucking script, even with people he loves: Hopper, the kids, Joyce, Nancy. There's always a *right* thing. Not with Billy. He forces Steve to rely on his gut, to tell the truth because Billy can sense when Steve lies, every time. So this time, with every ounce of sincerity he has in his body, Steve says, "If your dad ever comes here, I'll fucking kill him."

It startles a laughing cough out of Billy. “Goddamn, Harrington. I signed on for a roommate, not a guard dog.” But he smiles again, the weight under his eyes receding just that much, so Steve smiles back, something in his chest eased.

“Well, that’s a promise.”

Bill’s lips go lopsided. “Easy, Princess. Heel.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Steve says, but he’s smiling, and it feels a little surreal. Things between him and Billy have been... okay for a while now. But this feels lighter and heavier and simpler and more complex all at once.

For a few seconds, he and Billy just look at each other, testing this new earnestness. Where there’s usually a full-blown storm between them, something charged and ready to burst, now there’s only gentle, vulnerable waves. Then, cigarette still in his mouth, Billy gets up. He seems to cross the two steps to Steve without even touching the ground before lowering himself to Steve’s lap, straddling the chair, which complains under their weight. With one hand, Billy grips the chair behind Steve’s head. With the other, he pulls the cigarette from his lips. Turns it, offers it to Steve. Steve leans forward to take a drag, but his eyes stay on Billy. He thinks, *here we go*, but then... nothing really happens. They almost finish the cigarette like that, Billy passing it between them, his lips to Steve’s and back again. At some point, Steve’s hands come up to Billy’s hips, holding them more because it’d be awkward *not to* than because of any real intention at this point.

When the cigarette has almost burned down to its filter, Billy doesn’t pass it back. He pulls a long drag, lighting up the cherry, and tips his head back to blow it to the ceiling. At the same time, his hips finally start moving. Just barely, a light grind back and forth. Even as weirdly gentle as the movement is, Steve’s breath catches. He can admit--to himself only--that sharing that cigarette, watching Billy smoke in his lap, was hot as hell in its own right, and maybe he’s already a little aroused.

“Yeah, Pretty Boy?”

“Yeah,” Steve says, because this is okay, *better* than okay, but so different from what he expected. Now his hands grip with purpose, but not hard, not guiding. Billy’s hips don’t need guiding; they move in a smooth roll, forward and backward, and through it Billy polishes off the cigarette. Blindly, he reaches back and puts it out on the surface of the table instead of in the ashtray. Steve should be pissed about that, probably, but he can’t feel much of anything over the careful friction of Billy against him and the way it lights him up low in his stomach, like striking a match. No, not so abrupt as that. More like blowing on an ember to wake it up, make it burn brighter, hotter.

Billy’s newly freed hand rests on Steve’s shoulder, a steady, searing pressure. Steve looks up the column of Billy’s throat, up his slightly parted lips, up the sweep of his *outrageous* eyelashes, and clicks his tongue. “You gonna kiss me or what, Hargrove?” *God*, how embarrassing, but he *wants*. He wants and he doesn’t care.

With a slow blink, Billy leans his head back, looking at Steve even more down his nose, and instead of answering, he moves his hand from Steve’s shoulder to his jaw, his chin. He presses his first finger into Steve’s mouth. Then Billy blows out the last draw of smoke Steve hadn’t realized he’d been holding in his lungs. *Fuck*, none of this should be as sexy as it is. Not Billy *barely* grinding on him in their kitchen with the early afternoon sun lighting him up from the window. Not Billy sharing a cigarette with him. Not Billy sliding a finger into his mouth and saying *nothing*. It’s like a spell coming down around him and there’s not a damn thing Steve cares to do to stop it.

The finger in Steve’s mouth brushes over his tongue, one side to the other, and Steve thinks, *Oh*. He closes his lips, pushes his tongue up against it, sucks. Billy’s eyes close and his mouth moans, a deep, sinful sound that reverberates straight down Steve’s spine, curls his sooted toes against the linoleum. Billy Hargrove’s finger is in his mouth. His finger is in Steve’s mouth and his dick is lined up against Steve’s and Steve moans to try to relieve the building pressure, his insides containing a fire with too much fuel. Without thinking, he drags Billy closer, bringing them more firmly together. Billy’s eyes go a little wide, a heavy breath startled out of him, but otherwise he just

keeps moving. Steve might love him for it as he moans again, sucks Billy's finger like a thing possessed. Christ, he's already *right there*. He aches in his jeans, gets a rush clear up to his throat every time Billy rubs against him, feels the blood searing through his veins. The finger slides wetly down his chin as Steve pulls back. "Fuck. Billy. Fuck."

He looks up and finds Billy staring intently at him, blue eyes calm and dark, mouth curled up soft around the edges. Then Billy runs his finger over Steve's lips, leans down like he's going to kiss him. Steve doesn't hesitate to wet his lips so that the slide when they meet will be *good*, cranes upward for it. But Billy doesn't kiss him. He only leans down enough to fill Steve's mouth with damp heat as he speaks. "Come on, Harrington," he goads, but the amusement in his voice glides out gently over his teeth, shotgunned into Steve's lungs like the smoothest hit he's ever taken, a direct contrast to the rough timbre of Billy's voice tickling the inside of Steve's skull. "Come in your fucking pants. Do it. Come on, Princess." Billy's tone matches his languid movements, but the demands still give Steve the same tingling shock as cool tile on his back during a steaming shower.

Billy rolls his hips one, two more times, and then Steve jerks him down, fingers latching into the waistband of Billy's sweats. He tugs so hard that the pants slide down a provocative inch, exposing a strip of skin a few shades less golden but no less warm against his fingertips and a few tantalizing, light brown curls. Details he hadn't had time to admire yesterday. It makes Steve groan, sends his eyes up in his head and his spine up from the chair. Shit, shit, *shit*.

"C'mon, Pretty Boy. Make a mess of yourself." Billy's voice is so low, so steady, so *close* that Steve can taste it. Billy hasn't absorbed any of Steve's urgency, calm and unrushed as he's been since the moment they started. Even his gaze pores over Steve with a measuredness that makes Steve feel vulnerable, *seen*. Just like Billy is the only one to call Steve out on his lies, to force him to tell the truth—or probably because of it, if he's honest with himself—Steve sometimes feels like Billy's the only one who cares enough to bother; Steve's a terrible liar and everyone knows it, but Billy is the only one who always pushes through to find what's real: Steve's *real* thoughts, his *real* opinions, his *real* feelings. A possibility Steve hasn't considered until now: Billy might know him better than... well, anyone. And he highly doubts

that Billy has told many people what he'd told Steve earlier. Maybe Steve knows *him* pretty well, too.

With a breathless, strangled gasp right into Billy's mouth, Steve creams his pants. He doesn't know when his hands slid *inside* Billy's sweats, but he slowly becomes aware that he's got two handfuls of Billy's bare ass, using them to hold Billy as tightly against him as he can get, but still *not close enough*. "Fuck," Steve groans as he squeezes and pulls and pushes. But the flames Billy has fanned in his veins still leap and lick, blistering inside his skin, and it's *not enough* even as he soaks his boxers.

"There it is. That's it. I've got you." A hand slides to the side of Steve's neck and he groans, leaning into that little bit of extra sensation. He closes his eyes, tips his head back, and stays like that until he can breathe again, knowing that Billy watches him patiently the entire time. Eventually, Billy huffs a laugh and Steve blearily opens his eyes to a pleased, teasing smile. "Too easy, Harrington."

"Shut up," Steve says, still too warm and lax for embarrassment or offense to register. This, just like this, could be perfect if Billy would just shut his fucking mouth.

"You gonna let go of my ass?"

"Mmm-nope, don't think so." Steve squeezes for emphasis, honestly a little shocked that he *can*. He'd thought that Billy would... Steve doesn't really know what he thought Billy would do, but sit in his lap and let him paw and knead him? Not in a hundred years. He thinks, by the hard press against his thigh, that Billy might even *like* it. "Don't think you want me to, either."

"I think if we stay here this chair's gonna be scrap by the time we're done." He leans down, nudges his nose along Steve's jaw, then up to his ear. "Come to my room, Harrington."

Christ, Billy knows *exactly* what he's doing, inciting the rush just starting to settle under Steve's skin, dredging it to the surface. But Steve will not be robbed of this weirdly pleasant moment, so he says, "In a minute, *Hargrove*."

Billy sighs, but doesn't argue. He doesn't complain (only snorts) when Steve pushes his hands deeper into the sweats, traces nonsense patterns on the skin there with all of his fingertips. They breathe together like that for a few magical moments, an unexpected stretch of quiet comfort between them. Then Steve grows bold, confident with complacence, and grins wide as he slides a finger sideways to touch Billy where he's hot and sensitive enough that he had to sit down with care earlier. Billy inhales sharply, jerks in Steve's lap at the unexpected contact.

"Is this--?"

"Yes," Billy hisses. "God, yes."

"Not God. Steve."

Billy huffs, but it drops off into a moan as Steve circles him again, pushes with a firm, teasing pressure. Then Steve's mouth opens in surprise as his finger slides in to the first knuckle *much* more easily than expected. It's not slick, but there's barely any catch so he keeps pressing until Billy's clutching at his shirt with both hands, his spine a gorgeous apostrophe tucked neatly between Steve and everything that isn't *this*, his mouth open on hitched breaths. "Fuck," Billy says, quiet.

Steve answers, "Yeah," because what else is there? Yeah, Billy feels hot as a fucking star inside. Yeah, he pulses like a bass drum around Steve's finger. Yeah, he's arched so hard that his chest practically rubs right up against Steve's. Yeah, he's dry but he's *open* and Steve's finger just keeps going without resistance. Yeah, Steve just came, like, *maybe* two minutes ago but his dick's filling up again and honestly it makes Steve a little lightheaded, a little breathless. He hasn't felt like this since he was fifteen and getting laid for the very first time. Then, he'd stared at Jessica Anderson like she was the sun and the moon and every other teenage metaphor. Now, he thinks he might be looking at Billy the exact same and he can't fucking care because Billy is beautiful and he's palming over Steve's chest and shoulders, shuddering in his lap and promising even more with every unsteady puff of breath. Christ, he's gorgeous. How had Steve not thought about this at all before last night? He's a goddamned idiot. But then, it seems so much has shifted between them in the space of

an hour. A conversation. An accidental moment of vulnerability.

A small sound comes from the back of Billy's throat and Steve swallows hard. "Billy. I want you."

Billy pants a *Ha*, all air and amusement. He grins as he says, "Still waiting on you, Princess." He could mean the fact that Steve's not yet completely hard again (probably won't be for another few minutes, at least), or that Steve's still holding him in place with hands on his ass, or maybe something else. Steve doesn't know about that. He only knows that he wants this to keep going and it's not going to happen in the kitchen. He gets an image, then, of Billy leaned back, elbows on the table, riding Steve just like this, and it punches the breath from him, but that's not- That's too much, right now. Steve can't explain it, but the way Billy has been building up so slow, has been so unexpectedly patient... He just knows this isn't going to be that kind of fuck, and he doesn't know what kind of fuck it *is* going to be exactly, but he likes wherever it's headed.

Without thinking, he slips his finger from Billy, pushes further into his pants to support him from underneath, and stands. Steve isn't weak, but *shit*, Billy's heavy. Steve may have a few inches on him, but Billy has *bulk*, a density that Steve has always admired, even in those first weeks when he hated Billy.

Like Steve just cracked a joke, Billy laughs, looking over his shoulder like Steve hasn't navigated this apartment drunk and in the dark more times than he can count. He leans his weight backward in the process and Steve nearly fucking drops him, arms shaking to hold him up, but he smiles, too.

Billy turns back to him with a raised eyebrow. "How *romantic*, Harrington." He wiggles his eyebrows.

Steve decides then that, if he drops Billy, he won't feel bad about it. But he laughs and sidesteps the cup-ringed coffee table in the living room. "Shut up."

As they round the corner to the hallway, Billy says, "Really just couldn't take your hands off my ass for ten seconds?"

“Shut up, Billy. Jesus .”

“You’re something else, Harrington,” he says, but quietly, and thankfully followed by silence as Steve practically busts Billy’s door open. He doesn’t bother with more than a perfunctory glance around, but he’s surprised by the amount of *Billy* in the details that jump out at him: posters on the closet doors, clothes on the floor, boots by the door, bed *made* with dark blue sheets that catch the light like silk. Hell, maybe they *are* silk. Either way, Steve finds them inexplicably sexy. Without preamble, he drops Billy on top of them, pulling his hands free from his sweats just so he can lean back and *look*, because Christ, is it a *sight*.

Billy has always been beautiful, sharp and masculine with a soft edge of blue eyes and blond curls. But here, like this, sprawled haphazard across his bed, clothes a wreck, the navy of his sheets staining his irises as he stares up at Steve all loose-limbed and *waiting*... Steve just has to take a second to catch his breath, to sear the image into his head. “You’re fucking gorgeous,” Steve can’t help but breathe out, moving forward so he can finally, *finally* get a taste of those lips.

It’s a slow thing, falling into Billy Hargrove; every time he pushes too hard or licks too deep, Billy eases off until Steve gets it, reels it in. Steve thinks maybe going slow now, after he already came in his pants once, doesn’t make a lot of sense, but this is Billy’s show really. Steve knows that even as he crawls onto the bed. The inside of his pants are absolutely filthy, cool and slick and disgusting, but he can’t help but groan when Billy grinds up against him. Steve slides a hand under Billy’s shirt, savoring the flex of his abs as he moves, and Steve’s fucking *stupid* for never having thought about this until today. Bold with the knowledge that he gets this, Steve pushes Billy’s shirt up, up, up over his head while Billy shoves his own sweats off. “Want you, Billy,” Steve says again, dipping down toward Billy’s neck and then freezing as he catches sight of... well, *everything*.

Despite how long Steve had stuck around last night, he hadn’t seen much, honestly, but now he does, and something hot spikes into his blood. Billy’s chest is littered with bites that Steve might call love bites if anything about them looked loving. Tender-looking and dark, clear outlines of teeth bruise Billy in a jagged line down his abdomen. Steve glances up at Billy’s face, finds him waiting for Steve’s reaction,

a challenging clench to his jaw like he expects Steve to be disgusted, to be reminded that someone else took Billy less than a day ago. Steve doesn't care about that. Well, he kind of does, feels the envy roll heavy and sharp into his stomach, but it's not *disgust*, at least not for Billy.

Tentatively, he reaches out and brushes his fingers over one of the bruises. "You wanted this?"

"I wouldn't go to Adrian Keller for anything else."

Steve doesn't really know how to parse that, exactly, so he just keeps tracing the bite, trying to unravel why it looks so wrong on Billy's skin. "You deserve better than this," he says, because that's one thing he knows for sure. These, they're careless, made just to leave a mark.

"Like you know what I deserve," Billy huffs. "You barely know me, Princess."

That stings more than it should. "I think I know you pretty well. And you know that. And you know me pretty well."

Billy takes a few seconds to absorb that, and Steve can see his edges simultaneously soften and sharpen. "Then tell me what I do deserve, huh, Steve?" There's a defensiveness to his tone, like he expects Steve to do *worse* to him, despite everything. It kind of makes Steve's chest ache.

"Okay," Steve says, because *okay*. He will. He'd thought last night that, if he got to be with Billy, he would take it slow like Linebacker (Adrian, apparently). Now, he realizes Adrian wasn't taking it *slow*, he was just *taking*. And maybe Billy had wanted that, but Steve doesn't want to be so selfish, not with Billy. He thinks, maybe, *definitely*, that this isn't the simple fuck his bravado talked him into after all. But that's okay. Steve's a giver, anyway; he *likes* taking care of people. He suspects that's what Billy really wants, even if he doesn't realize it, the way he's keeping things so slow.

So Steve will take care of Billy.

He starts easy, leaning forward to kiss him again, soft, chaste,

admiring the fullness of his lips, the soft resistance of them. Then Steve moves his mouth to Billy's throat, puts a kiss to his adam's apple before skirting to the side. Adrian made a mess of Billy's chest, but left his neck visibly untouched. He guesses that Billy had told him not to mark him where it would show, and Steve would say that was a good choice on Billy's part, seeing Adrian's handiwork up close. But when Steve licks a patch of skin, Billy doesn't protest, just tilts his head aside to give Steve room to work. Steve takes it, sucking a delicate spot to the surface of Billy's skin, just above his collarbone. It'll look good there, indistinct from Billy's rising color now but a pretty pink just above his shirt for the future. It's a good start, Steve thinks, reaching up to press a thumb to the spot. Billy's breath bursts like Steve punched a release button. In other circumstances, Steve would delight in that as a sign that Billy's a kinky fucker and absolutely pursue more proof, but now, Steve gentles his touch, strokes over Billy's skin with a firm palm and follows with his mouth, with reverent kisses. He doesn't leave more marks (less is more, or something), but he *does* take care to put his mouth over every aching bloom on Billy's chest, to wipe away Adrian's cruel teeth with a soothing tongue. Hopefully it works, but it's hard to say when Billy is so quiet, so *still* under him.

When Steve looks up, Billy's tracking him with weighted blue eyes, wide with more than a little bewilderment.

"Has no one ever--?" Steve starts, but can't finish. Ever what? Made *love* to Billy? *Cared* about Billy? Made Billy feel *nice* just for the sake of it? He can't say those things, the harsh sound of Billy's laugh already ricocheting in his ears. Watching, Steve sees Billy thinking the questions anyway, the way his face tightens, goes hooded. He's so fucking smart, so quick to fill in blanks that, positions reversed, would leave Steve baffled.

Billy does laugh, but not mean like in Steve's head. Maybe more self-deprecating, which is *worse*, honestly. "No," he says simply, which is, again, not what Steve expected. "Wouldn't let them." And there's that same expression from earlier, the one that says Billy accidentally revealed too much.

"Will you let me?" It feels important to ask.

Billy shrugs. “If you think I deserve it. That’s the game, right?” His teeth show in a grin, but his eyes track unsteady.

Steve wants to pause and unpack that, to reassure Billy that, yeah, sometimes he’s an asshole, but he *absolutely* deserves to know that there’s more to sex than pain, than aching for days, than getting hurt just to make sure you can still heal.

“There’s no game here,” Steve says, *lies*, because with them there’s *always* a game. This time, they’re just playing on the same side, though possibly chasing different objectives.

Then Steve dips his head to take the tip of Billy’s cock, fiercely red and succulently hard, into his mouth. Billy jolts, sucks in a juddering breath, his back arching straight off the bed, whole body curling in toward Steve for one glorious moment before collapsing back to the mattress, hands clutching at his sheets. “*Jesus*,” Billy breathes. “Warn a guy.”

Steve’s not going to do that, because he likes keeping Billy on his toes, likes getting the unfiltered reactions. So, in an admittedly *stupid* move, he swallows Billy down in one dry slide. Of course he gags, but the choked sound Billy makes, the way his hands can’t resist Steve’s hair, the way his hips roll up? Yeah, *worth* it. So worth it that, after he catches his breath, Steve does it again (without gagging this time). And again. Until Billy’s writhing, hips working like he can’t help it, sweat catching in the relief of his muscles. Spit runs down Steve’s chin and it’s gross, but he mostly doesn’t notice, too focused on taking Billy down his throat like his life depends on it. Which it definitely *doesn’t*, but the sounds pouring from Billy make Steve harder than he remembers being in a long time and there’s something so *satisfying* about that.

Steve has nothing for comparison but he can tell that Billy’s abs tighten more quickly and his hands clutch Steve’s head harder and his hips jolt more wildly. Then, suddenly, Billy shoves him back before falling against the bed and gasping. “*Christ. Shit*,” he pants, then groans, hand stuttering toward his erection like he has to consciously work not to touch himself. “*Fuck*,” Billy says with an emphasis that catches in Steve’s stomach. Shoving his hands into his own hair to hold himself together, Billy tips his head back and

breathes at the ceiling before twisting to reach into the bedside drawer, tossing a bottle of lube and a condom onto the bed. Steve watches with a grin, then pulls his shirt over his head and uses it to wipe his face.

“Oh, for *me*?” Steve says. “You shouldn’t have.”

With an unimpressed twitch of one immaculate eyebrow that says, “*Yes, I should have*,” and the hint of a smile, Billy actually says, “Your fingers or mine?”

Steve takes in the flush of Billy’s face, the slightly parted lips, the sheen of his body. His grin dries up, along with his entire mouth. Billy is so fucking *pretty*, even with dark purple stains on his skin, that it *hurts* to look at him. “Gimme those.”

“Come get ‘em,” Billy says.

Steve decides he’ll do just that, but first he detours for Billy’s mouth, kissing him languid and lavish, letting him feel the way his own precome has thickened Steve’s saliva. He relishes the way Billy clearly *lives* for it, sucking Steve’s tongue into his mouth, not quite as mellow as before, but still so easy, indolent. Christ, if they don’t get this moving, Steve’s going to forget that there are even *better* things waiting, impossible as it is to ignore the hot press of Billy’s cock against his hip, the smooth glide of his own against the soft skin of Billy’s thigh.

So, with one last roll of his tongue, Steve sits back on his knees. “Lay back, Hargrove, and think of California.” Steve doesn’t know the whole story there, but he knows that Billy’s from Cali originally, that his plan after graduation is to get back to the west coast as fast as his Camaro will take him. He’s always wondered about that, honestly, but he sure as hell can’t ask right now. Doesn’t want to.

Billy snorts, reaching for Steve’s belt. “Sure, Pretty Boy. Lemme see what I’m working with, first.”

While no one could ever describe Steve as *shy*, the very tips of his ears burn as Billy unbuttons his jeans, tongue between his teeth and blue eyes absorbent as he tugs the zipper down. His gaze flashes up

to Steve's for a second, eyebrows high, before he looks back down, shoves Steve's pants and underwear down. The relief of his boxers, and the tacky stickiness coating them, finally being gone can't outweigh the new discomfort of Billy looking him over, sizing him up. Realistically, it's maybe three seconds. It feels like five minutes before Billy looks back up at him, all unintentional underlash and definitely intentional tongue.

"You weren't just saying it, then."

Steve feels stupid, too focused on the heat sweeping from his ears down to his neck. "What?"

"You're bigger," he says, and his gaze glides back down to where Steve is so fucking hard even though he came, like, a few minutes ago. He looks like he wants to eat Steve alive, and Steve could be totally, one hundred percent into that, except he's been thinking about fucking Billy since before they started this insanity and it's just like when you're really looking forward to a certain thing for dinner and nothing else sounds quite as good. Nothing else sounds quite as good as fucking Billy right now, even getting that wicked mouth on him.

Just in case, Steve presses Billy back with two fingers between his *disarming* pecs. "You some kinda size queen, Hargrove?"

Billy just shrugs and, thank *fuck*, goes with the pressure, slowly reclining back against the sheets again. "And if I am?"

Steve grins. "Then I'd say you're in the process of getting extremely lucky." It's cocky and confident, helps Steve feel back on top of his game, but it also pleases Billy, if the low hum he gives counts for anything.

"Well, let's move the process along, yeah? I've been hard for-fucking-ever."

Yeah, he kinda has, Steve thinks, and he hasn't even been a complete dillwad about it. So, without dragging it out anymore, Steve grabs the lube, slicks two fingers, and then waits for Billy to part his legs for him. It's surprisingly, well, *graceful*, the way Billy arranges

himself, legs sliding out, arms spreading up, body stretched taut. *Fuck, he's fucking stunning.* Steve doesn't leave him waiting any longer than it takes to etch the image of Billy into his cortex. He moves forward, feeling gangly in the wake of Billy's ease, until his knees press to the nearly hairless insides of Billy's thighs. "Pillow," he says, gestures behind Billy.

With a huff, Billy arches and shoves a pillow under his hips. Then raises a sarcastic brow. Steve can hear him in his head: "*Good enough, Princess?*" He nods, answering the unspoken question, and then leans over Billy, runs his clean hand down from Billy's throat, over his chest and stomach, down past his straining cock to the outside of a thigh.

And then, with an amount of care that probably gives something away, Steve presses a finger to Billy's entrance, absorbs the way Billy's eyes close, the preemptive, little burst of air. "C'mon, Steve," Billy says. "Don't fucking tease."

Leaning forward to put a delicate kiss to the top of Billy's happy trail, Steve says, "I won't." He circles his finger a few times, watches Billy's fingers tighten on the sheets, and then presses in. Billy's breath doesn't even catch, that's how loose he still is, how open. It's unbelievable, the seamless clasp of it, the way Steve's finger just goes and goes and Billy's body doesn't do a damn thing to try to slow it down, to stop it. Billy's the one getting fingered, but Steve's the one who can't breathe. "*Jesus Christ, dude.*"

Billy snorts. "*Dude ? Really?*" But he rolls his hips up and, honestly? Steve could watch Billy fuck himself all day, probably, because there is nothing unsexy about that ripple of muscle, about the flush peaking in Billy's chest, the slackness of those lips when he hits something *good*.

Still, Steve promised not to tease, even if that apparently means not letting Billy tease himself. So, without breaking the gentle rhythm Billy's set up, Steve slides in a second finger, blown away all over again by how easily Billy's body swallows him. It's *entrancing*, okay? Like, something about it almost seems unreal, and yet Billy groans, which is (unfortunately) not a sound Steve's heard enough that his mind could just produce it on its own, and Steve can damn well *see*

that it's really happening.

After probably too long, Steve snaps back into himself. He uses his free hand against Billy's lower stomach-*hard as a fucking board*, his mind helpfully notes-and presses down, holds him still. "That's enough of that."

"If you weren't so *slow*—"

Yeah, whatever; like *Billy* hasn't been the one dragging it out until now. Rolling his eyes, Steve adds a third finger, and *Billy moans*. A real, honest-to-God, cock-jolting moan. "*Fuck*," Steve says. "I don't even know how to tell if you're ready, you're so open already."

Billy's eyes, hazy and burning, blink to Steve's swollen dick. Tongue running over his lips, he considers for a moment before saying, "Keep going. Almost."

Steve can't help his smug expression, but he continues with gusto so *Billy* won't-*can't*-say anything. Because now *Billy's* impatience bleeds into his mouth, the sounds he makes just as shocking now as they were last night. *Billy* has one of those voices that perfectly expresses *aching*, all low huffs and fruity rumbles, pitch rough, masculine and mellow. Steve wants to *drink him*. Like, that's how delicious he sounds. And, yeah, maybe Steve's thought about *that much* before: the way *Billy's* voice rolls like smoke. When *Billy* talks around a grin, when he hisses putting an ice pack on a bruise, when he groans like his morning coffee gives him life (or at least a damn good blowjob), when he speaks slow and thick after a grueling practice, when he's smoked half a pack of cigarettes in way too short a time. Maybe, in his head, Steve never took it as far as all this, laying *Billy* out in bed and spreading him open, but he has definitely always known, somewhere in the very back of his carnal lizard brain, that *Billy* sounds like sex. That's just, like, *objective*. Everyone knows it. If Steve said that at a party--"*Hey, you guys ever notice *Billy* sounds like sex?*"--everyone would just nod like it's common knowledge and eye Steve like maybe he was a little *stupid* (or maybe a lot *high*) for having to actually say it out loud, having to confirm it. Captain Obvious, Dustin would say. If Dustin was old enough to know about sex voices and could ever view *Billy* as a sexual--

Steve startles at a shove to his shoulder.

“Okay,” Billy says.

“Okay?”

“Lay back, Harrington, *and think of Indiana.*” Mocking.

Steve rolls his eyes-feels like he’s done that a lot but thinks Billy deserves it-and scrunches his nose. “Real cute.”

“Yeah, you are,” Billy says, simple, as much fact as his own persistent sex voice. It kind of takes Steve apart. Plus that little smile Billy gives him, quick and warm and unlike almost any expression Steve’s ever seen on Billy’s face? He knows now, more than he even did before, that he doesn’t stand a chance.

So he lets Billy push him over onto his back. Watches as Billy tears open the condom packet with his teeth (of course he does, Steve’s not the least bit surprised but maybe a little, teeny tiny bit aroused by it). Draws a sharp breath when Billy rolls it onto him with easy, lax motions, like being in control again helps him slip back into his unrushed, uncaring persona. Steve would *hate* it if he didn’t think it was so goddamned *hot*.

As Billy slicks Steve over with lube, Steve can’t help but roll his hips against nothing. Christ, he’s so hard he can feel his pulse in his own dick. How did he get this way for *Billy fucking Hargrove*? But then Billy straddles him, one smooth motion, and Steve thinks, *Oh*. This is how. Because Billy is more beautiful than one of those renaissance statues people always compare models to. He’s fucking gorgeous. And, better than a statue, Billy is funny, and clever, and smart, and sometimes angry but sometimes soft, and sometimes he says more than he means to and tells more than Steve wants to know, but sometimes he smiles like he’s never had a bad experience in his life and...

And this really isn’t the simple fuck Steve had thought it would be.

But he can’t say that, or anything like that, because Billy will laugh at him, and sometimes Billy’s laughter is fucking musical, but

sometimes it sinks into Steve like knives. So, silently, Steve reaches up and catches Billy by the neck, thumb pressing the bruise he'd left there earlier, holding him steady. With his other hand, Steve runs his fingers down the planes of Billy's chest, his stomach. "Fuck, you're hot," Steve says, because that's expected, it's *okay*.

Billy's tongue slides over his teeth, eyes bright and smile amused. "About to get hotter," he says, reaching behind himself for Steve's cock, lining them up. Steve's breath catches. He knows what's coming, and he can't fucking wait. It's his favorite part: that first, impossible press. He wants to open Billy up that little bit more, to ease a space for himself *inside* of him, something that Billy can't ignore now and can't undo later.

Without thinking, his hand tightens on Billy's neck, on Billy's hip. Billy's free hand pulls Steve's wrist until he can kiss his palm. "Easy, Pretty Boy," he says, voice all husk. His tone implies, "We've got time for that. Save it."

Then Billy rolls his hips down, down, down and Steve tries not to *thrash* at all the heat and pressure all at once, at how it keeps going on and on without a break because Billy just... doesn't stop. Doesn't move fast, but doesn't even pause; there's no adjustment period, no *anything*, and Steve's going to burst out of his skin like a fucking firework. Like, he's pretty sure he's bruising Billy's hip in his grip, pretty sure he's *clutching Billy's hand* because he has to hold on or he's gonna *combust*.

Even when Billy's soft skin finally settles against Steve's, he doesn't... *stop*. Sure, he gives a little gasp, a little sigh (both of which Steve *feels* around him, like Billy breathes with his entire body), but he immediately rolls his hips, testing, pushing, like he always does. Maybe that's just consistency, just *Billy*, always shoving at limits and stomping over boundaries, never content to just *wait*, but Steve feels like he's *smothered* with it all right now.

Billy rocks, slow and appraising, taking stock, and Steve throws his head back. "Christ," he chokes, feels Billy's soundless chuckle *from the inside*, before he responds, a little breathless, "Not quite."

It seems like no time at all before Billy says, "You ready, Stevie?"

Steve's gonna *die*. He knows because Billy's eyes are bright and his smile is relaxed and his teeth are sharp where his tongue traces them. Billy Hargrove is going to *eat him alive*. Steve is absolutely *not ready*.

“Yes,” he croaks.

Going wicked, Billy's grin stretches wide. “Hang on, Princess.”

Steve doesn't think he can hold on any tighter without breaking every bone in Billy's hand, and he has a sudden flashback to Adrian's hands on Billy's hips, squeezing so hard, and he gets it, okay? He understands now. How is he supposed to *not* clutch Billy like one or both of them is going to fly into the sun if he doesn't? It's fucking impossible. Steve knows because he's *trying*.

Billy lifts himself glacially and slips back down like it's his last fuck in life and he's gotta savor every precious millisecond of it, and Steve, *fuck*, he already has sweat beading at his temples, muscles on fire from holding so still when all he wants to do is *move*, to *take*. When Billy bottoms out again, his eyes close, mouth falling open on a groan. He still has one of Steve's hands in his, but the other presses into Steve's chest, heavy, searing, steadyng, grounding.

This time, Billy chuckles out loud, but Steve can still *feel* it and it makes him dizzy. “What's so funny?”

Looking down at him, Billy says, “You weren't kidding. You *are* bigger.”

“Well, *yeah*.” He grins back, smug despite teetering on the cusp of incineration.

Billy strokes his hand over Steve's pec, taking the time to squeeze a nipple. *Stalling*, Steve thinks, because maybe Billy hadn't quite been ready, either.

“Billy,” Steve says, but it comes out as a whoosh that just feeds Billy's teeth. He doesn't know what he wanted to say, or if he actually wanted to say anything at all.

“Stevie, *relax*.”

“Shut up,” Steve mutters, but mostly out of obligation because, honestly? It’s fair advice. So Steve draws a deep breath, lets it out, unclenches his muscles until it doesn’t feel like his bones want to lunge out of his skin. He also, finally, lets go of Billy’s hand, pretending he can’t see Billy flex feeling back into it. Fucking *embarrassing*, but Steve just keeps breathing, strokes his hand down to Billy’s other hip. Even now, Steve has to fight not to jerk Billy closer, reminds himself that Billy’s setting the pace and tone. “You just gonna smile at me all day or are you gonna *move*?”

Billy laughs, squeezing the breath out of Steve through his dick, but he starts rolling his hips in that same slow grind from earlier.

“Holy *shit*,” Steve breathes, awed, unable to help it.

“Mm,” Billy agrees, bottom lip caught between his teeth.

It’s good. It’s *damn* good, but it’s not the *ruinous* fuck Billy promised. Maybe Steve can spur him along if he just--

“*Don’t*,” Billy says, catching Steve’s hand almost before it moves, pressing the palm just beside his hip bone. “I won’t last.”

“You’ve lasted, like, forever.”

If Steve didn’t know better, he *could* mistake Billy’s smile for something shy. He does know better though, just not enough to know what it *actually* means. Then Billy says, “I won’t need it,” and lifts himself with real intent. *Oh shit*, Steve thinks, the only thought he has time for before Billy crashes down like he was *made* for taking dick, like he’s studied it and perfected it, like he traded his soul to Satan to be the *best* at it.

“Holy *fuck*,” bursts out of Steve. His head snaps back and his hips snap up, seeking more of Billy’s heat, more of that sweet, too-easy friction. Billy moans as his thighs strain, lifting, punching the breath out of himself when their hips clap together again.

No, yeah, Steve is *definitely* going to perish.

Billy takes his sweet fucking time, like there’s not a single thing he could ever possibly want to do more than impale himself on Steve’s

cock. It's torture, the slow resistance, the pang of anticipation when Billy crests, the wild drag of freefall. A rollercoaster with endless loops. Steve wants to scream, to thrash, to hold Billy down and *demolish* him. He doesn't. He just hangs on like his goddamned life depends on it and prays he won't hit the ground too hard when it's all over.

Which is going to be mortifyingly soon. Like, Billy is, objectively, off-the-charts hot in his own right, but *now*, with his chest flushing and his head tipped back and his lips swollen from his own biting teeth and his muscles sliding and the sheen of his sweat catching the afternoon light like Edward fucking Cullen? Steve's groin is full of *magma*, okay? But Billy's eyes freeze him, watching his face so intently, like Billy gets off more on Steve's expressions than actually having Steve *inside* him. And that... that's *something*.

"Close, Pretty Boy?" Billy says, like he *wants* to tease but can only manage *hope*.

"Fuck, Billy. Fuck, yeah, I'm close."

Billy surprises Steve by puffing out a relieved breath of air, by saying, "Thank *fuck*," like an admission. But he never stops moving, raising himself up so he can ease back down. Steve thinks, if they had enough time, he could shatter Billy's cool attitude, could break him down until he really lost it, bouncing in Steve's lap with mindless inhibition. This, though, this is still perfect, so unexpected, a touch *sweet*, *tender*, so *hot*.

Not really knowing what he's doing, Steve glides his hands up Billy's sides, grips him by his ribs, marvels at the tug and pull of muscle under his palms. With purpose now, he bucks to meet Billy. Christ, it's still slow, pace set to simmer, to *ache*. But it's also a rhythm with depth, with the kind of bass that rattles in the lungs, throbs beside the pulse.

"Oh, fuck. *Steve, fuck.*" Even Billy's voice comes slow, thick, syrup-drenched. "I'm gonna—"

Like Billy asked him a question, Steve says, "Yeah."

Billy's hips sink down and he rolls, once, twice, before the first insanely thick rope of cum bursts out of him, drenching his own thigh like nothing Steve's ever seen. Then Billy's body goes fucking supernova around Steve's dick, all impossible pressure and breathless grip. "Holy shit," Steve says, but too strangled to hear over Billy's groan. When Steve drags his eyes up from Billy's twitching dick and still-seeking hips, like he just can't get enough, Steve finds himself looking into the face of someone blindsided by pleasure, caught unprepared in a hurricane when they expected a casual rain. Steve holds on, trying to anchor Billy while still easing his own hips up against him. With every punch of breath, Billy's ribs bloom under Steve's palms. Christ, he's so beautiful. If Steve could catch his breath, could even think to stop moving, he'd say as much.

But he can't. Two more thrusts into Billy's thrumming heat and Steve *loses his goddamned mind*, he's pretty sure. The mattress groans under his collapse, hips still arched flush to Billy's, and all that magma in Steve's stomach erupts. If Steve's ever had a more powerful orgasm, he can't remember it right now, doesn't think it even matters because maybe Billy *has* ruined him: even now, not even coming down yet, all Steve can think about is all the ways he *wants* Billy, all the ways he wants to ruin him right back.

For what can't be more than a minute but feels like an hour, they stay just like that, both breathing hard, eyes closed. For the first time since this started, Billy is still, quiet. Steve doesn't *mind* it, but he doesn't appreciate it like he thought he would. "Fuck all the words right out of you?" Steve says.

Eyes hazy with residual pleasure (and, yeah, Billy's body gives an occasional squeeze like it's still grasping for Steve's softening dick), Billy meets Steve's gaze. He blinks a few times before he truly focuses, and then he smiles, so bright and content that Steve's chest clenches. "You wish, Pretty Boy."

Maybe Steve had fifteen minutes ago, sure, but not now. He wants to hear Billy, memorize the way he sounds fucked out and glowing like he's never felt so good in his life. He knows to give Billy a few minutes though. Lord knows Steve needs the time, too. Instead, he slides his hands under Billy, urges him up. "Let me—"

“Yeah, yeah,” Billy mumbles, lifting himself and flopping to the bed beside Steve with a sigh while Steve deals with the condom.

Together, they lie in silence, untouched except for Billy’s knee pressed against Steve’s thigh. Details of the room, aside from just Billy, anchor Steve slowly: the way Billy’s sheets smell faintly of fabric softener and strongly of sweat and expensive cologne, the way he has one side of his bed pushed against the wall so the sunlight from the window *just* misses it to light up the center of the room instead, the make-shift vanity overloaded with bottles and sprays and cassette cases, the books on his nightstand with a pair of glasses that Steve will *definitely* be asking about later perched on top.

It’s all fascinating, but Steve finds his eyes lured back to Billy after just a few seconds, all that golden skin shamelessly on display. *What was that?* Steve wants to ask, but won’t. *What did you do to me?* Instead, Steve reaches out and runs a hand down Billy’s side, smiling at the twitch of muscle under his skin. “Talk to me,” he does say.

With a sigh, Billy props his head on his arm. “About what?”

Steve kind of wants to *scream* or maybe laugh, but instead, heart in his throat, he presses a fingertip into Billy’s skin, watches the pink turn white under the pressure, and then puts that same fingertip against his own chest. “This.”

Billy clicks his tongue, rolls his head back toward the ceiling. “You haven’t figured it out?”

“Guess not.” Steve wants to touch Billy again, regrets taking his hands off him, but he doesn’t. He waits. There’s something here, something they’re standing at the edge of, another secret trying to claw its way out of Billy’s chest.

Running a hand through his hair, Billy says, “I need a cigarette,” and makes to get up. Without thinking, Steve’s arm snaps out across Billy’s chest, presses him back down.

“You’re not running away from me.” Maybe Steve should let him, because does he really want... whatever *this* is? With *Billy Hargrove*? Honestly, Steve should be holding the door open for Billy, not

holding him back. That would be the easy thing, for sure: taking everything Billy's dredged out of himself today and tossing it right back into the closet, letting things slip back to normalcy like none of this ever happened. It's not like Billy *meant* to share all that. It's not like Billy would *stop* him if Steve wanted to play it that way, but...

But, Steve thinks, that's not what I want.

Not really.

So he presses Billy onto his back and holds him there, trying not to squeeze too hard.

For a few breaths, Billy just looks at him, his eyes so blue in the light coming in from the window that Steve could lean in and drink them up. Then Billy's hands come up to press into his own eyelids, to slide back into his tangled hair. He sighs again, a sound too small to take up so much space in Billy's chest. "Listen, Harrington," he starts, tone hard. Instinctively, Steve tenses. "Steve," Billy corrects immediately after, softer, but not *soft*. He puts one burning palm over the arm Steve has across his chest but doesn't push it away. "What is it you *want*?" *Because I'm not about to open myself up to get shutdown*, he doesn't say. Steve doesn't blame him, honestly.

"I want to know when you knew you wanted me," Steve gambles, traitorous face growing warm. Still, he continues even through Billy's snort. "Because I didn't even think about it until last night, but I haven't been able to stop thinking about it and maybe I *like* thinking about it. Okay?"

"Okay," Billy says, softer yet. It takes another few seconds before he adds, "Move-in day."

"What?"

Billy laughs, self-deprecating. "Since the moment I saw you, Pretty Boy." And his face lights up with the admission too so that they're almost matching. That shouldn't make Steve feel *better*, but it definitely *does* and Steve *won't* feel bad about it.

"Oh," Steve says and *burns* inside. That long? All this time and Billy

never said anything? Billy *kicked the shit out of him* and still *wanted* him? In what universe does that make any sense?

“Yeah, *oh.*”

“Why didn’t you-?”

Billy squeezes Steve’s arm and Steve lets the question dissipate. Maybe he doesn’t really need an answer after all. Or, at least, he’s done enough pushing for one day. Even though, with a taste of Billy like this, it’s all Steve can think about.

Steve changes direction: “Hey, why didn’t you put a sock on the door last night?”

“I did.”

“Um, no, you really *didn’t*.”

“Um, *yes*, I really *did*,” Billy insists.

“So you didn’t want me to... see all that?” He gestures vaguely toward the living room, the scene of *all that*.

Billy huffs. “I was ready to beat your ass this morning, dude.”

And, yeah, that’s definitely true. But things had somehow wound up like *this* instead so Steve *grins*. He can *hear* Billy rolling his eyes. This time, when Billy sits up, Steve lets him. Reluctantly.

“Where are you going?”

Stretching his arms above his head, Billy swings his legs off the bed. “Cigarettes.”

“Then you wanna shower? Together?” God, so embarrassing. He sounds like a shy teenager.

Billy smiles, soft and pleased, which makes Steve feel better somehow. “Sure.”

Something unwinds in Steve’s chest that he hadn’t even noticed

tightening in the first place. Something like *it's not a one time thing* or whatever. He doesn't know what they're doing, exactly, but he *does* know that Billy Hargrove is his roommate-his funny, charming, stubborn, *intense* roommate-so they have lots of time to sort this shit out.

He stands to follow Billy and, while Billy smokes and reheats his coffee in the microwave like a disgusting, subhuman *freak*, Steve opens the door to their apartment and finds a sock staring up at him from the floor.

“Goddamnit,” Steve says under his breath, and doesn't mean it.

Author's Note:

As always, find me on Tumblr: @thingsalexwrites and @areyouactuallystupid